

PS 3531
.A28 C6
1915
Copy 1



T.S. DENISON & COMPANY CHICAGO

JN'S ACTING PLAYS

*Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
25c each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given*

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M. F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	8 8
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs.....(25c)	1 9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
American Hustler, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	7 4
Arabian Nights, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 4 5	
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	9 7
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	6 14
Bank Cashier, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8 4
Black Heifer, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	9 3
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	7 3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7 4
Burns Rebellion, 1 hr....(25c)	8 5
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7 4
College Town, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	9 8
Corner Drug Store, 1 hr. (25c)	17 14
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs.. 7 4	
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	6 4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	8 4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	6 13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr....(25c)	10
Enchanted Wood, 1½ h.(25c).Optnl.	
Everybody, 3 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	7 6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	4 4
Fascinators, 40 min.....(25c)	13
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs.(25c)	9 14
Heiress of Hoetown, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....(25c)	8 4
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	12
Honor of a Cowboy, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	13 4
Indian Days, 1 hr....(25c)	5 2
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	6 4
Iron Hand, 4 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	5 4
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs.(25c)	14 17
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	6 12
Lexington, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	9 4

	M. F.
Light Brigade, 40 min....(25c)	10
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7 4
Lodge of Kye Tyes, 1 hr.(25c)	13
Lonelyville Social Club, 3 acts, 1½ hrs.(25c)	10
Man from Borneo, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	5 2
Man from Nevada, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	9 5
Mirandy's Minstrels....(25c) Optnl.	
New Woman, 3 acts, 1 hr... 3 6	
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs.(25c)	2 16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	8 6
Old School at Pick'ry Holler, 1½ hrs.(25c)	12 9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	10 4
Out in the Streets, 3 acts, 1 hr. 6 4	
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	7 4
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	10 12
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs. 6 5	
Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ... 6 6	
Soldier of Fortune, 5 acts, 2½ h. 8 3	
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	7
Third Degree, 40 min....(25c)	12
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	6 4
Tony, The Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	7 4
Topp's Twins, 4 acts, 2 h.(25c)	6 4
Town Marshal, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	6 3
Trip to Storyland, 1½ hrs.(25c)	17 23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	8 3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	7 10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 6 4	
When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	5 3
Women Who Did, 1 hr... (25c)	17
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 8 3	

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min.....	3
Assessor, The, 10 min.....	3
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19
Bad Job, 30 min.....	3 2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.....	2 2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min... 2 3	
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.....	2 3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min..	5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....	3 5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2 1
Case Against Casey, 40 min... 23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min..	7
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. 3	2

CLUBBING A HUSBAND

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS
FOR WOMEN'S CLUBS

BY
EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

"*A Prairie Rose*," "*A Burns Rebellion*," "*As a Woman Thinketh*,"
"*The Class Ship*," "*The Graduate's Choice*," "*Wanted: A
Cook*," "*The Commencement Manual*,"
"*Star Bright*," *Etc.*



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

[1915]

PS3531

128
1915

CLUBBING A HUSBAND

CHARACTERS.

MRS. BLANCHE NEWMANN	<i>A Bride</i>
MRS. HENRIETTA ASHTON.....	<i>Her Sister from Boston</i>
MAUD ASHTON.....	<i>An Overgrown Girl, Dressed Young</i>
BELLE.....	<i>Mrs. Newmann's Colored Cook</i>
BRIDGET O'FLANAGAN.....	<i>A "Wash-lady"</i>
MRS. OTTAWAY.....	<i>An Old Grandmother of the Past</i>
MRS. FERRIS	<i>Her Daughter</i>
DR. GEORGIANA JORDAN.....	<i>An Old Maid Suffragette</i>
MRS. WHITNEY	<i>Inclined to be Jealous</i>
MRS. REYNOLDS	<i>Something of a Bargain Hunter</i>
MRS. HARRY HUDSON.....	<i>Inclined to be Nervous</i>
MRS. SKYLARK.....	<i>A Woman of Ideals</i>

SCENE—*A Country Town.*

TIME—*The Present Day.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours.*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—Morning. Mrs. Newmann's Living Room.
"Planned."

ACT II—Afternoon. Same Room. "Fanned."

ACT III—Evening. Dr. Jordan's Office. "Manned."

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY EBEN H. NORRIS.

OCT 11 1915

© C.I.D. 41954

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

Act I—A domestic tragedy. “I’ll never marry a traveling man again—never, never, never!” The servant problem satisfactorily solved by Mrs. Newmann. Mrs. Reynolds sizes up the situation. “Enter big sister—exit husband!” Arrival of the big sister, and the big sister’s “little girl.” Mr. Ashton’s efforts to “save” her sister, and all her sister’s friends, servants and their relations are heartily seconded by Dr. Jordan, who hates men “like microbes.” “You shall all be no more slaves, but women!”

Act II—Maud bewails her lot while waiting the arrival of the down-trodden females. Mrs. Newmann is not sure of herself. “I always say just whatever George says.” The ladies arrive, and each has a point of view of her own, regardless of Mrs. Ottaway’s disapproval. “A quilting-bee or a sewing circle was always good enough for me.” The question of “clubbing” husbands is discussed thoroughly, while refreshments cast the deciding vote. “This is a movement like yeast. It has to work! It compels women to rise!” Dr. Jordan has the last word. “The Club’s the thing!”

Act III—Bridget and Belle decide to “strike” early in the game. Maud makes herself useful “like a good little girl,” and earns her right to remain. “Everybody works poor father!” The habit of “slavery” seems firmly rooted in the feminine mind. “Sambo—he am my man!” Maud makes a speech. “Down with the men!” Mrs. Ferris becomes alarmed. “When the wives are away, the men will play.” Mrs. Ashton reluctantly consents to be made “chairwoman,” and things are progressing beautifully. When a call for the doctor startles everyone, and unexpected mail influence reverses the whole current of thought and intention. “The home’s the thing!”

COSTUMES.

MRS. NEWMANN—In Act I, pretty morning wrapper. In Act II, more elaborate house gown for receiving guests. In Act III, tailored suit, hat, gloves, veil, etc., to taste.

MRS. ASHTON—In Acts I and III, elegant street costume. In Act II, reception gown, flashy in color and style, much jewelry, lorgnette, etc. Should be of most imposing appearance and dignified bearing to overshadow the ladies of the village.

MAUD—Tall, slender girl, overgrown and awkward. Wears hair in braids down her back, very short dresses, child's hat, etc. In Acts I and III, outdoor dress and hat, child style. In Act II, dainty "little girl" party dress, big ribbon bow in hair, dainty hose and slippers, etc. In serving refreshments, puts on pretty child's apron—white, lace trimmed.

BELLE—In Acts I and II, black dress, with white apron and cap. In Act III, flashy dress-up costume, hat, gloves, etc., with no regard for colors or fit. Off duty, she's a "cullud lady."

BRIDGET—In Acts I and II, calico dress, torn and patched in places, sleeves up, soiled gingham apron, hair disheveled. In Act III, an attempt to "fix up" is noticeable, but nothing but the plainest and shaggiest dress would "fit." Wears hat, cape, etc.

MRS. OTTAWAY—Old-fashioned black dress, neat white apron. Wears bonnet and shawl, carries hand-bag, with handkerchief, knitting work, spectacles. Gray hair, slow and feeble of step, but quick and sharp of tongue. Same in both last two acts.

MRS. FERRIS—A timid, shrinking woman, neatly but not elaborately dressed; plain colors and simple styles. Evidently a home body, devoted to home interests.

DR. JORDAN. Tailor-made suit throughout, somewhat

stiff and mannish, very prim and neat. Wears eyeglasses, carries medicine case.

MRS. WHITNEY.
MRS. REYNOLDS.
MRS. HUDSON.
MRS. SKYLARK.

Elegant street costumes throughout, varied as individual taste selects. Not too elaborate or extreme in style for the "best dress" of the village woman, but as up-to-date as would be most likely to be worn.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

The visit of Mrs. Henrietta Ashton of Boston and her big-little daughter Maud to her newly-married sister, Mrs. Blanche Newmann, of a small village, being opportunely timed with the very first appearance of inharmony in the bride's wedded bliss, threatens to work disaster in all the domestic affairs of the neighborhood. Ten different women air their troubles, and at the instigation of Mrs. Ashton, with her suffragette theories, decide to club together under the independent slogan, "Down with the men!" Mrs. Newmann's colored cook and her Irish wash-lady, Bridget O'Flanagan, contribute their shares to the general disturbance, and Dr. Jordan, the "doctor-lady," is most emphatic in her declaration of feminine independence.

Meeting at the office of Dr. Jordan for final organization, however, the rumor of one husband's sudden illness strikes terror to every one, who beneath the surface is really loyal to the earlier ideas of wifehood and motherhood; while two letters, one commanding Mrs. Ashton's immediate return to her husband, and the other proposing marriage to the man-hating Dr. Jordan, breaks up the whole affair in wonderfully short order, while all unite in declaring that "When you're tired and hungry, or want your husband, the home's the thing!"

PROPERTIES.

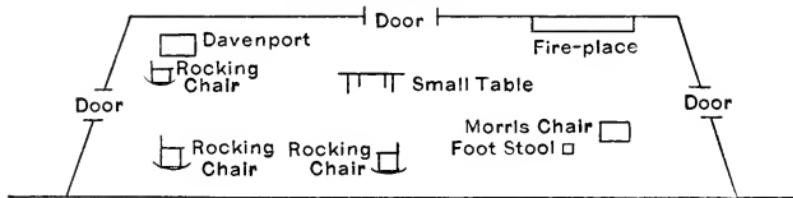
ACT I—Lounge with cushions; mirror, clock, powder puff for Mrs. Newmann; hat for Maud. Medicine case and umbrella for Dr. Jordan. Four chairs.

ACT II—Same scene, with enough more chairs to furnish seats for all. Book for Maud. Duster for Belle. Knitting work and handkerchief in hand-bag for Mrs. Ottaway. Parcels of all shapes and sizes for Mrs. Reynolds. Three trays, cups and saucers, spoons, cream, sugar, sandwiches, napkins, etc., for Belle, Bridget and Maud.

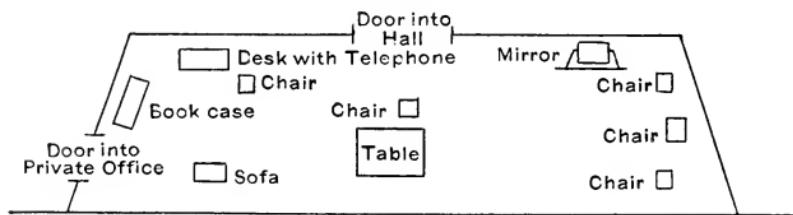
ACT III—Chairs for Dr. Jordan and Maud. Handkerchief for Mrs. Reynolds. Knitting for Mrs. Ottaway. Letters for Maud to give Mrs. Ashton and Dr. Jordan.

STAGE DIAGRAMS.

ACTS I AND II.



ACT III.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up-stage, away from footlights, down-stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

CLUBBING A HUSBAND

SCENE: MRS. NEWMANN's living room. Entrances C. in F., R. and L. Fireplace with mantel L. of D. F. The room is comfortably furnished with several easy chairs about. Small table C. up-stage. See Scene Plot for stage setting.

At rise of curtain, MRS. NEWMANN is discovered standing in the center of the room, weeping.

MRS. NEWMANN. And he went—(*sobs*)—he went—he went away to be gone a whole week long. And he only—kissed me—five times! I am sure it was just five, for I counted very carefully—once by the table; twice by the stove—that makes three times; once by the lounge—four; and once by the door! Just five little times. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! To think it should come to this so soon! (*Throws self on lounge and weeps.*)

Enter BELLE, L.

BELLE. If yo' done please, Missus Newmann—

MRS. N. (*not hearing*). Only six months married! And this is the way I am treated!

BELLE. Yas, Missus!

MRS. N. And I waved my handkerchief at him, and threw kisses to him, just as far as I could see him, too! But he only looked back three times, and then started on a run for his car!

BELLE (*aside*). Jes' like dat no'-count Sambo! (*Aloud.*) It suah am a shame, honey.

MRS. N. I'll never marry a traveling man again—never, never, never!

BELLE. I wouldn't neidah, Missus, I'se done tellin' yo'—

MRS. N. (*suddenly discovers BELLE's presence and jumps up excitedly*). Belle! You here!

BELLE. I—I—I suah done t'inks I is, Missus. (*Frightened.*)

MRS. N. (*sternly*). Where did you come from?

BELLE. Why, I done t'inks I comed out from de kitcheny, Missus.

MRS. N. When?

BELLE. Why, why, why—jes' afore yo' done commenced dat are speechifyin', Missus.

MRS. N. Why?

BELLE (*tries to think*). Why? Why? Why I done comed, yo' mean, Missus?

MRS. N. Yes—why?

BELLE. Why—why—I'se jes' done wanter be axin' yo' what was yo' gwine hab fo' dinnah?

MRS. N. (*tragically*). Dinner? Dinner? Ask me not of food! Talk to me not of such insignificant things! How can I ever think of eating when my heart is broken?

BELLE (*hesitates, afraid to speak, then says*). But didn't yo' done tell me, Missus, dat yo' sister, dat are swelled-up lady from Boston—

MRS. N. Henrietta! And today *is* Monday, isn't it? And she will surely get here on the noon train. How could I have forgotten? And how can I bear to have her see that my heart is broken, and my life is wrecked—wrecked! Oh, George! George! That this should be the bitter end of all our happiness! (*Throws self on lounge again.*)

BELLE. But, Missus—

MRS. N. Yes, Belle, anything! I don't care what you have, if you only don't ask me to eat! (*Loud pounding on door. She jumps up.*) Who can that be?

Enter BRIDGET with air of importance.

BRIDGET. If you please, mum—

MRS. N. Why, Bridget, what—

BRIDGET. Mrs. O'Flanagan, if you plaze, mum. Sure an' it's me darlint Pat as objects to sech familiarities-like wid his Biddy.

MRS. N. But why are you here?

BRIDGET. Here, is it? And ain't it mesilf as come to

wash yez dirty clothes, mum? An' ain't it yersilf as said to me—

MRS. N. But this is Monday—

BRIDGET. Sure an' it is that same, and it's right yez are about it, mum.

MRS. N. But I asked you to come on Wednesday.

BRIDGET. Wednesday, is it? But, sure, now, an' it's a dale aiser fer me to be after comin' today, mum. And it's here I be—wid me two arms stripped to the shoulder. (*Rolls up sleeves while speaking.*)

MRS. N. But—but—you see—(*begins boldly, but Bridget takes a step or two toward her and looks so threatening with her sleeves up that she quails and turns to BELLE.*) What do you say, Belle? Can we possibly have the washing done today?

BRIDGET (*turns to BELLE, threateningly*). Och, sure, mum, and is it the loikes of that black hathen nigger as can tell Bridget O'Flanagan whether she can be after washin' or not? Let her keep her nose out o' me business, the dirthy spalpeen! And bad 'cess to her!

BELLE. Oh, yo' go long! Yo' jes' ain't done gwine to do no splashin' 'round dis heah day, and' me wid me two hands busy wid cookin' all de swell dope fo' de quality chillen! Dis heah chile doan stan' fo' no sech doin's, nohow!

BRIDGET (*threatening BELLE*). And is it mesilf as has to—

BELLE (*facing her defiantly*). Dis chile doan stan' fo' it, nohow!

MRS. N. (*steps between them, timidly*). You see how it is, Bridget—I mean Mrs. O'Flanagan. My sister and her daughter are coming from Boston today. And it makes so much for Belle to do that we really cannot possibly have the washing around. Besides, I—I—I myself am—am—half sick—and—(*sobs*.)

BRIDGET. The blessed saints presarve me! What do yez know about the loikes o' that, jist? Here I come, a poor, hard-working woman, as ivery body knows that same, out o' the goodness o' me own heart, to do yez dirthy work for yez, and what do I get? Not iver so much as

a pleasant word, at all, at all! Yez slams the door in me face, yez spaldeen, and I—I—how be I iver goin' to buy me Patsy the corn bafe and cabbage he nades for his stomach's sake! It's so dainty the poor b'ye is wid his aitin', sure an' it is that, and no work at all at all for poor Bridget O'Flanagan this day—and her wid two hands loike these! (*Stretches hands out, then covers face and drops into big chair, crying.*)

MRS. N. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Whatever shall I do with her?

BELLE. Send her stwaight home to her dainty Pat, Missus; dat's what yo' done bettah do wid a cwazy Irish like her.

MRS. N. No, no! Not that! I know how it feels to have your heart broken, Belle.

BELLE. She am not losin' any tears to hurt her any, Missus.

MRS. N. I shall not have any hand in breaking hers.

BELLE. Her tears?

MRS. N. Her heart!

BELLE. What am yo' done gwine to do, den?

MRS. N. (*after hesitating, looking at BELLE, timidly*). Let her wash!

BELLE. Let her wash? (MRS. N. *nods*.) Wash? (MRS. N. *nods*.) But, Missus, dare am de dinnah—

MRS. N. I know, Belle, but—

BELLE. And dare am dat lady—dat swelled-up lady from Boston—

MRS. N. Henrietta? Yes, Belle, I know, but—

BELLE. And dare am all de fixin's an' de findings! An yo' ain't done forgittid all 'bout yo' bwoken heart, am yo', missus?

MRS. N. (*clasps hands at heart*). Oh, no, no, Belle! But—

BELLE. Den yo' done mean it, Missus? (MRS. N. *nods*.) Dat cwazy Irish can wash? (MRS. N. *nods*.) Today? (MRS. N. *nods*.) Den—oh, deah! Oh, deah! I'se gwine to hab broken heart, too! (*Sinks into another chair, crying.*) Wow! wow! wow!

MRS. N. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Whatever shall I do with her? (*Considerers.*) Send Bridget—Mrs. O'Flanagan—home?

BRIDGET (*wailing*). Oh! oh! oh!

MRS. N. No, I can't do that! She needs the money. I—I—go to your washing, Mrs. O'Flanagan.

BELLE. Wow! wow! wow! (*BRIDGET exits triumphantly.*)

MRS. N. Belle, listen!

BELLE. Wow! wow! wow!

MRS. N. You know that pink silk waist of mine you have always admired so much?

BELLE (*looks up quickly, rubbing eyes*). Yes'm.

MRS. N.. I'm—I'm—I'm just going to give you that waist tonight.

BELLE (*jumping up*). Yo' done mean dat one wid de pearl buttons' an' de yards an' yards an' yards o' ice cream lace?

MRS. N. Yes; that's the one.

BELLE. De good Lawd bless yo', honey. Dat am mighty good o' yo'. I'se gwine to get yo' a mighty fine dinnah, I is. (*Aside, as MRS. N. walks toward the lounge.*) I can jes' 'bout use it fo' a pair o' cuffs an' a collah—maybe a front to Sambo's vest.

MRS. N. Of course you are, Belle. I knew you were. You always get such lovely dinners. And now—(*Bell rings.*) There! (*Exits BELLE to answer door.*) Can that be Henrietta already? (*Clock strikes ten and she counts aloud.*) No, surely not. It's only ten! (*Walks to mirror and begins to fuss with hair, powder puff, etc.*) Who can it be? I hope it's no agent. I don't like agents—except picture agents. They always say such nice things about one's looks that they are quite agreeable. Really.

BELLE enters.

BELLE. Heah am Mrs. Reynolds, Missus.

MRS. N. (*in an irritated tone*). Mrs. Reynolds! Dear me! She's always here. I don't want—

Enter Mrs. REYNOLDS. Exit BELLE. Mrs. N.'s tone changes instantly to one of honey and molasses.

MRS. N. Oh, how are you, dear? So sweet of you to run over this morning. I was just wishing you'd come. I've not seen you for such a long time. Why haven't you been over?

MRS. REYNOLDS. Oh, I'm very busy—shopping most of the time. Such bargains nowadays in all the stores. It's positively alluring. Besides, your husband is—why, Blanche Newmann you've been crying.

MRS. N. Have I? (*Hides face, turns, arranges cushions, etc.*)

MRS. R. Yes, you have. What's the matter?

MRS. N. (*still busy*). Why, nothing.

MRS. R. Nothing?

MRS. N. Oh, well—not much.

MRS. R. (*eyes her silently a moment, then turns away*). Humph! (*Goes to mirror, begins to remove hat, to fix hair, etc.*) Oh, well. If you don't want to tell. But I didn't think you'd ever have any secrets from me.

MRS. N. (*still busy*). Haven't. (*Pause. They eye each other over shoulder—Mrs. R. suspiciously—Mrs. N. guiltily.*) Oh, say, did you know I was expecting my sister today?

MRS. R. (*surprised*). What! Mrs. Ashton? (*Turns around to face Mrs. N.*)

MRS. N. (*proudly*). Yes, from Boston. So you'll excuse me if I keep busy, won't you? (*Returns to work.*)

MRS. R. Oh, certainly. (*Returns to mirror, speaking aside.*) Wonder if that's what's ailing her. I don't think it would make me cry to see my sister. (*Pause, considering the matter. Then aloud.*) Where's Mr. Newmann?

MRS. N. George? Oh, he—he—he—he's gone to Chicago.

MRS. R. (*aside*). I see. That's where the shoe pinches. Enter big sister—exit husband. (*Aloud.*) Gone long?

MRS. N. (*pounds cushion viciously*). A week.

MRS. R. Humph! How long does Mrs. Ashton stay with you?

MRS. N. A week.

MRS. R. (*significantly*). I see. Too bad Mr. Newmann couldn't have been here to see her.

MRS. N. Y-e-s. He was sorry.

MRS. R. (*drily*). I suppose so.

MRS. N. He was. He said so. (*Pause.*) You'll come over to tea this afternoon, won't you? I am asking all my friends in to meet her. I want you all to like her. You'll come?

MRS. R. Of course. Any children?

MRS. N. One. A sixteen-year-old girl.

MRS. R. I see. (*Aside.*) Bet Mr. Newmann doesn't feel very crazy about sixteen-year-old girls. (*ALOUD.*) I'll be sure to call early, dear, but I must hurry now. (*Begins to replace hat.*) There's a big sale on at Workman & King's now. All those lovely twenty-dollar suits are going this week for only nineteen dollars ninety-eight and a half cents. Isn't it splendid? If William would only let me have one. (*Starts L. Turns.*) Is my hat on straight?

MRS. N. Beautifully. But don't hurry.

MRS. R. Must. (*Turns again to mirror.*) Do I look all right?

MRS. N. Lovely. Do come over, dear.

MRS. R. Sure. Do wipe your eyes, Mrs. Newmann, and put a little powder on your nose. It always looks so red after you've had a bawling spell. Good-bye. (*Exits.*)

MRS. N. (*at mirror.*) A bawling spell? Humph! Do I look as bad as that? (*Dabs nose with powder, etc.*) Almost time for train, too. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What does it matter how a woman looks when her heart is broken? I do so hope Henrietta won't guess. (*Busy at glass.*)

Enter MRS. ASHTON and MAUD. MAUD runs to MRS. NEWMANN.

MRS. ASHTON. Oh, here you are, Blanche. I expected you to be at the train. Are you ill? (*Looks her over critically.*)

MRS. N. No; I—I—I had a caller.

MRS. A. In the morning? What barbarous manners! Maud, don't you be so boisterous. It's not becoming.

MAUD (*clinging to Mrs. N.*). But I am so tickled to see Auntie Blanche again. Ain't it just dandy? And don't she look stunning?

MRS. A. Maud! Maud! How many times must I tell you—

MAUD. Not another time, mamma. I'll be good.

MRS. A. That's my angel child. The blessed girl has such lively spirits, Blanche. Children are so full of mischief. And Maud will always be my baby, you know.

MRS. N. How she has grown!

MRS. A. (*removing hat at mirror*). Grown? Oh, you don't really think so, do you, Blanche? I wouldn't have her grow up for worlds.

MRS. N. But she's old enough for longer dresses, surely. Why, when I was her age—

MAUD (*takes off hat, throws it on floor*). That's what I say, Auntie. I'm sick of doing the kid act. But mamma's afraid if I get into the swim like other girls, folks 'll begin to take her for an old woman, and of course she couldn't stand for that. Get me?

MRS. A. Maud! Maud! (*Turns from mirror and picks up MAUD's hat.*) Do be still. How children do run on! If people didn't know her originally quaint way of saying things, they might almost wonder if there wasn't some truth in it all. (*Sits, while MAUD looks at things in room.*) But, Blanche, you certainly don't look well. What is wrong?

MRS. N. Nothing. (*Sinks in lounge, looking down disconsolately.*)

MRS. A. You look so thin and pale, and—yes, you've been weeping.

MRS. N. (*faintly*). Weeping?

MAUD. She means crying, Aunt Blanche. Weeping's Bostonese. Have you been?

MRS. N. Why, of course not. Why should I?

MRS. A. Blanche!

MAUD. That's just the way she speaks to me. You'd better own up.

MRS. N. Well—not much.

MRS. A. (*after pause, looking critically at Mrs. N.*). It's George Newmann; that's what it is! I just knew no good could ever come of—Maud, my darling.

MAUD. Yes, mamma.

MRS. A. You run out doors and look at the garden, and flowers—and—and—and—things. I want to talk to your aunt.

MAUD (*pouting*). So do I.

MRS. A. Maud!

MAUD. Don't want to go into the garden. You always send me away when you're going to talk about something interesting. I can see flowers at home and beautiful gardens in the parks and places. Want to hear about Uncle George.

MRS. A. (*rising*). Maud!

MAUD (*meekly*). Yes, mamma. (*Exits, looking back and listening, until Mrs. A. looks at her sternly over shoulder, then slips out frightened.*)

MRS. N. (*nervous, wondering what is coming*). Don't send the poor child out, Henrietta.

MRS. A. But I want to talk to you. I want to hear all there is to tell.

MRS. N. But there isn't anything to tell.

MRS. A. Blanche!

MRS. N. Well—er—not much.

MRS. A. You might as well tell me. Blanche, without any beating around the bush, for I'm sure to find out sooner or later. It's George, now, isn't it?

MRS. N. Why, I—I—I'm not very well.

MRS. A. (*looking at her resolutely, speaking with decision*). It's George, now, isn't it?

MRS. N. (*after hesitating, looking at Mrs. A. guiltily*). Yes.

MRS. A. I knew it. When a woman weeps, it's always a man—a mere insignificant bit of a man! Now, Blanche, you know that I am a woman of vast experience, and I

am convinced that when "Votes for Women" carry the nation—

MRS. N. Carrie Nation!

MRS. A. No, no! When they have proven victorious in the campaign for equal rights and sufferance to all—

MRS. N. Equal suffering? Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

MRS. A. Then there will be no more weeping wives, no more broken and bleeding feminine hearts, no more desolate and deserted hearthstones.

MRS. N. (*sobs*). O—o—oh!

MRS. A. Blanche, my poor, dear stricken sister, I have come to save you.

MRS. N. (*mystified*). To save—

MRS. A. Yes, to save you. You shall not live with that heartless wretch of a man another day.

MRS. N. Oh, but I must! (*Jumps up*.)

MRS. A. (*jumps up*). Oh, but you mustn't! (*They face each other*.)

MRS. N. (*overcome by her sister's force, sinks back*). But I just couldn't live without George!

MRS. A. (*sits with determination*). But you just can't live with George!

MRS. N. Why, George is the very best man in all the world!

MRS. A. That's saying nothing for either the man or the world.

MRS. N. But, Henrietta—

MRS. A. Listen to me.

MRS. N. I'm listening.

MRS. A. You must leave him!

MRS. N. Never! Why, he'd die—

MRS. A. Well, that would do him good, I'm sure.

MRS. N. And so would I!

MRS. A. A most unreasonable step for you to take, I declare.

MRS. N. And there's lots of excuse for George. You know he lost both his parents when he was a child.

MRS. A. Both of them? (Mrs. N. *nods*.) How careless!

MRS. N. It's my duty to stay with him. Why, I—I—I've got him to bring up.

MRS. A. Then you must assert yourself. Don't be a footstool to hold his feet—a mere dog to fetch and carry—a mere baby doll to do his bidding. Be a woman—a real, live woman. Be a Suffragette.

MRS. N. George hates Suffragettes.

MRS. A. Of course. The creatures all do. It's the man of it. Bring him to time. Make him over. Make him love Suffragettes!

BRIDGET *enters hastily.*

BRIDGET. Och, sure, now, Mrs. Newmann, mum!

MRS. A. (*rising and facing BRIDGET, staring at her through glasses*). And who is this?

BRIDGET (*imitates her*). And who is this?

MRS. A. The audacity!

BRIDGET. And the gall o' hersilf!

MRS. N. (*nervously interposing*). What is it, Mrs. O'Flanagan?

BRIDGET. Oi jist want to say to yez, mum, as how Oi can't be afther a-doin' my washin' wid dat great big strappin' girl in de kitchen, stuck, a-botherin' the very sowl out o' misilf, jist.

MRS. A. (*horrified*). Maud!

BRIDGET. Sure an' she didn't be afther a-tellin' me her name, mum, but—

MRS. A. What is she doing? The poor little thing was lonely and needed something to amuse herself with.

BRIDGET. Sure, an' it's mesilf as set her a-turnin' the wringer. I guess that'll be afther a-holdin' her for awhile, jist.

MRS. A. Maud! Maud! My little Maud turning the wringer! Why, she never did such a thing in all her life!

BRIDGET. Then it's sure hoigh toime she was afther gettin' hersilf broke in. Now, my Pat, he—

MRS. A. Pat? Pat, did you say?

BRIDGET. Sure, Pat! Pat, I did say.

MRS. A. And who—

BRIDGET. He's me own man, mum, is Pat; if so be the loikes o' yer foine silf hasn't any objections!

MRS. A. A man? A man? A live man of your own! And you are washing?

BRIDGET. Sure, an' I'm afther a-tryin' to. But if that girl—

MRS. A. And what does your beautiful man do, if I may ask?

BRIDGET. Sure, an' the loikes o' himsilf will be afther restin' now, mum. It's about toime for his mornin' shmoke, so it is, the darlint!

MRS. A. Poor, downtrodden soul! (*Pats her shoulder.*) Cheer up! I have come to save you!

BRIDGET. Save me? Me, is it? Me?

MRS. A. Yes, even you! (*Turns to Mrs. N.*) Blanche, dear, we must not bar anybody out from the beautiful opportunity of freedom. We must be democratic.

BRIDGET. Sure an' it's not mesilf as will be a democrat. Me Pat's a republican, mum.

MRS. A. (*not heeding*). Yes, we must be universal. We must shout to the soul of every woman and every girl in all the world the glad gospel cry of "Votes for Women!"

BRIDGET. Sure, an' I'm not—

MRS. A. Sit down and listen to me.

BRIDGET. Why, mum, Oi—

MRS. A. Sit down!

BRIDGET (*looking at Mrs. A. uneasily*). But it's mesilf as—

MRS. A. (*very sternly, motioning peremptorily to chair*). Sit down!

BRIDGET (*dropping into chair*). Och, sure, mum; it's niver the loikes o'—

MRS. A. Everywhere I go I can hear—

MAUD (*outside*). Mamma! Mamma!

MRS. A. (*startled*). Maud!

MAUD (*runs in, pursued by BELLE*). Mamma! Mamma!

BELLE. Git yo'self right out o' heah! I done tells yo' I doan stan' fo' no sech goings on, nohow! (*MAUD runs to*

MRS. A., *who embraces and consoles her. MRS. N. interferences.*)

MRS. N. Belle! Belle! What is the meaning of this?

BELLE. Dat kid she done boddah dis chile so dat she put a cup o' salt in her company cake, and a cup o' sugah in her stewed peas. I'se gwine to make her eat up every scwap. It am suah bad 'nough to hab dat Sambo man o' mine hang 'round when he am not busy, but to hab dat white limb o' Satan breakin' my eggs and lickin' out my cake tins—(*shakes fist at her.*)

MRS. A. Sambo? Sambo, did you say?

BELLE. Yes'm, Sambo. Dat coon am suah de laziest, good-fo'-nothingest piece ob black twash as eber yo' done look at, missus. He am suah—

MRS. A. (*pats her shoulder*). Ah, poor soul! And you work for him?

BELLE. Work fo' him? Why, he am my man, dat coon am. I work fo' *her*. (*Points to MRS. N.*)

MRS. A. And what do you do with your wages?

BELLE. Suah, now, it done am Sambo dat takes keer ob dem, missus. Doan I jes' done slave my ten fingahs to de bone to keep dat are lazy-bones in good tobacco?

MRS. A. Do you hear, Blanche? Do you hear? Surely, I have a mission to this poor enslaved household! We must not even draw a color line. All women are sisters in bondage to the inferior sex. Poor soul! I have come to save you!

BELLE. Oh, I'se been saved, missus. I'se a good Mefo-dist, I is. Got religion free, fo', five times already. How comes yo' want to save dis hear chile? Save me—from what?

MRS. A. From Sambo!

BELLE. But dis chile doan know as—

MRS. A. Sit down and let me explain.

BELLE. But I—

MRS. A. Sit down!

BELLE. But my dinnah—

MRS. A. Never mind your dinner. What would it profit

you if you gained a whole cafeteria, and lost your own soul? Sit down!

BELLE. But my missus will—

MRS. A. Never mind your mistress. Leave her to me. Sit down! (*BELLE hesitates, but MRS. A. motions her peremptorily, and she sits.*) I have come all the way from Boston to save you from the terrible curse of slavery.

BELLE (*jumps up*). But Abe Lincoln, he done—

MRS. A. I've heard of him. But there's Sambo—(*bell rings. BELLE starts as to answer it.*) Sit down! (*She sits.*)

MAUD (*looking out window*). Somebody's at the door, you folks. An ugly old maid with a grip and an umbrella. Looks like Noah's sister Sue. And—

MRS. A. Maud! Maud!

MRS. N. It sounds like Dr. Jordan, Maud. Go bring her in.

MAUD. Just as you say, Aunt Blanche. Not that I care to see her. (*Exits.*)

MRS. A. A lady doctor, did you say, Blanche?

MRS. N. Yes, a dear soul. Not much for looks, but a splendid woman for all that.

MRS. A. How refreshing! (*BELLE rises.*) Sit down! (*BELLE sits, frightened.*)

BRIDGET (*rising*). My clothes will be afther bilin' over.

MRS. A. Sit down! (*BRIDGET sits.*)

Re-enters MAUD, leading DR. JORDAN by one end of umbrella.

MAUD. Here she is, Aunt Blanche. I brought her.

MRS. A. Maud! Maud!

MRS. N. Come right in, Doctor. I am so glad to see you, and have you meet my sister, Mrs. Ashton—from Boston, you know. This is Dr. Georgiana Jordan, Henrietta.

MRS. A. I am so glad to meet you, Dr. Jordan. It is such a joy to meet a really emancipated female in these days of woman's slavery. (*Shakes hands.*)

DR. JORDAN. I heard you had come. I wanted to see you. I understand you are a very busy reformer.

MRS. A. Yes, yes, indeed. Sit down while I just ex-

plain to these two women how I have come to save them.
(DR. J. sits.) I find things here in a most deplorable state. I find my sister in grief and anguish and tears, bewailing the cruelty of her husband—

DR. J. (*horrified*). What?

MRS. N. Oh, Henrietta, don't—

MRS. A. Don't interrupt, Blanche. Sit down! After only six months of married life, Dr. Jordan, I find her abused, mistreated, neglected—

DR. J. Terrible!

MRS. A. And I find with her this poor washerwoman—

BRIDGET. Wash-lady, mum; if yez plaze, mum.

MRS. A. Supporting a worthless, good-for-nothing Mike—

BRIDGET. Pat, if yez plaze, mum.

MRS. A. And working herself to a mere skeleton of skin and bones to keep him at his ease, drawing the breath of *free* life.

BRIDGET (*suddenly realizes what she has been suffering, begins to whimper*). Sure, now, an' me life is a hard one, it is that same. It's not mesilf as iver thought afore how miserable I was.

MRS. A. And I find this cook, too, working her fingers and feet to the bone to keep a lazy, ten-for-a-cent 'Rastus—

BELLE. He am Sambo, missus.

MRS. A. Yes, yes; what you like. Sambo or 'Rastus, it's all the same—

BELLE. Oh, no, missus; it suah am not. Dat are 'Rastus, he am long an' slim an' spindle-like, while my Sambo am as big an' fat—an' he am berry, berry jealous ob dat niggah 'Rastus, too. He done say he gwine—

MRS. A. Yes, yes; of course. But the principle—or lack of principle's the same in all men, white or black. Now, I have come to strike off their chains—to bring the word of freedom to all the suffering spirits in this little city—to wave the banner of "Votes for Women" so high in the air that every woman will grasp the full glory of its meaning, and stand forth in that freedom whereto she was born.

DR. J. Glorious! (*Rises and grasps Mrs. A.'s hand.*) I have longed for such a congenial spirit for years and years and years!

MAUD. About seventy of 'em, I'll bet a cooky.

MRS. A. Maud! Maud! Don't mind her, Doctor. You know a child always says just what she thinks.

MRS. N. But Henrietta.

MRS. A. Yes, Blanche.

MRS. N. Just what do you propose to do?

MRS. A. I am going to show you—every woman of you—how to get the upper hand of that husband of yours.

DR. J. Good! Good! Oh, if I had been cursed with one of the creatures—(*looks unutterable things*).

MRS. N. But how?

MRS. A. I am going to help you club him.

ALL (*amazed*). Club him!

BELLE. I'se done twied de sof' end ob de mop.

BRIDGET. And sure, now, it's niver boiling soup, nor ice-cold water as gits a move on me Pat at all, at all. Bad 'cess to him!

MRS. A. But the office of the club—the Woman's Independent Club—(*insert name of your own club if preferred*)—shall be more subtle and far reaching than any mere material means—even the mop, the hot soup, or the ice water. It builds deep in the soul of every woman. It strikes hard at the heart of every man!

BRIDGET. But, begorra, an' it's not me Pat as has much of a heart in the inside o' him or the outside o' him at all, at all.

DR. J. No, indeed. Nor has any other man.

BELLE. An' dar don't seem no soul—

MRS. N. Henrietta, tell me what you mean by this.

MRS. A. Just what I say—a club—the woman's only weapon. An emancipation proclamation—a declaration of independence—an assertion of the Self that lives in every human woman. Tell all your friends and neighbors, and all their friends and neighbors, that I—even I—have come to save them!

DR. J. (*shaking hands with her enthusiastically*). And I

am with you. Ah, I have longed for such a movement as this for years and years and years!

MRS. A. Indeed, this is gratifying, Dr. Jordan—extremely gratifying. I know, and you know, and all the rest of these poor creatures must be taught to know, that the club of today is the only weapon—the sole means of protection—the last resort for women whose hearts are broken—

MRS. N. Ah! My heart! How could she guess? How did she know?

MRS. A. Whose souls are crippled—who have been bound beneath the heel of the tyrant Man, until they have utterly forgotten that they were ever intended to be individuals! The club's the thing!

DR. J. They used bombs in England!

MRS. A. But they've not come into fashion yet in America. We are true American women, following in the footsteps of the glorious old Indian, with his ever ready tomahawk—so the club will do for us awhile yet. If it doesn't avail, of course—we'll follow the English style of procedure. But it will work; I am sure of it. You shall all be no more slaves—but women!

BELLE (*jumping up*). My dinnah!

BRIDGET (*jumping up*). And me clothes in the biler!

MRS. A. (*dramatically*). Slaves? Never! Go, cook! Go, wash-lady! But come in this afternoon and I will speak the word of that glad gospel that shall set you free! (*Exeunt BELLE and BRIDGET.*) Now, Doctor,—Blanche—(*sees MAUD on the sofa and speaks to her*). Maud!

MAUD. Yes, mamma!

MRS. A. Run out and play now. Your aunt and I want to talk things over with the Doctor.

MAUD. Yes, mamma. (*MAUD starts out and ladies sit in cozy circle for private chat.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Same as Act I. MAUD is alone, seated in a big chair, looking at a book.*

MAUD. Aunt Blanche doesn't seem to have much of anything decent to read. I like exciting things—cowboys and Indians, and tiger hunts, and all that. Wish mamma would let me read novels like the other girls, but—dear me! It's no use! I don't dare grow up, or even think up! She'll club me, too.

MRS. A. (*off stage*). Maud! Maud!

MAUD. There it goes! Yes, mamma!

Enter MRS. A.

MRS. A. Oh, there you are! (*Looks around suspiciously.*) Who were you talking to?

MAUD. Nobody!

MRS. A. Nobody?

MAUD. Just myself!

MRS. A. Same thing!

MAUD. Oh, I know that, all right! If ever I get married, and have girls of my own, won't I make them pay for this? I'll keep them in bibs and aprons till they're twenty-one!

MRS. A. Maud! Maud!

MAUD. And I'll name every last one of 'em "Maud," and I'll just holler "Maud! Maud!" at them the whole blessed time!

MRS. A. Well, run along out and play. I've got to plan for the tea party this afternoon.

MAUD. But, mamma—

MRS. A. Run along, I say!

MAUD. Fudge! (*Exits. Runs into* MRS. N., *who is entering.*) Excuse me, Auntie. I lost my head. Was just on the way to hunt for it. (*Exits.*)

MRS. N. Poor child! She seems lonely with no girls of her age to play with. All the girls around here think they are quite young ladies at sixteen, and wouldn't know what to make of a girl like Maud.

MRS. A. Maud shall never grow up—never! Come and sit down, Blanche, and let us consider the best way of introducing the idea of the club to your ladies this afternoon.

MRS. N. Do you really think they will want to join, Henrietta?

MRS. A. Want to join? Why, they'll be crazy to join, every last woman of them. A normal woman will grasp at the very weakest straw to pull her any closer to emancipation. *BELLE enters, dusts room, listens.*

MRS. N. (*sits*). Emancipation? I'm not sure I quite understand it all yet. George says—

MAUD *quietly re-enters and listens.*

MRS. A. George! George! Always George! What does it matter what George says? The main thing is, what do *you* say?

MRS. N. Why, I say—I say—why, I always say just whatever George says.

MRS. A. That's it! That's just the way with nine-tenths of the women in this world. They don't dare to speak—or even think—for themselves. They must ask some insignificant Tom, Dick or Harry the very words they shall say. It's pitiful. You must brace up, Blanche, and dare to be Blanche Newmann—not a poor, weak, blotched copy of George! And only six months married, too. (*Sighs.*) What will it be like in six years?

MRS. N. Maybe I'll be emancipated then.

MRS. A. Some consolation in the hope that you *may* be. But—(*sighs, shakes head*).

MAUD. When I get married, I'm going to wear the pants!

MRS. N. Maud!

MAUD. Well, didn't you say so?

MRS. A. Little girls should be seen and not heard.

MAUD. I wasn't heard—I wasn't even seen. I was back of the lounge. But I heard. So did Belle.

BELLE. Does yo' done tink, Missus, as how I bettah tell Sambo 'bout dat are club thing?

MRS. A. Why should you?

BELLE. Well, now, yo' see, maybe he won't let me—

MRS. A. Let you? Let you? Do you mean to tell me that you would let a lazy, good-for-nothing negro tell you what you could do, and what you couldn't do?

BELLE (*frightened*). Why, no, Missus; I don't mean to tell yo' nuffin' 'bout dat—nuffin' 'bout dat at all.

MAUD (*pats BELLE on back*). Good for you, Belle. Me 'n you know enough to keep our mouths shut, don't we, old girl?

BELLE (*angrily*). Old gal! Humph! Yo' donebettah git along outer heah, now, an' 'tend to yo' own business.

MAUD. My business is just like mamma's—to keep everything stirred up.

BELLE. With a club?

MAUD. No. My tongue's enough.

BELLE. Humph! Should say so. (*Bell rings.*)

MRS. N. Show the ladies right in here, Belle, as fast as they come.

BELLE. Yes'm. (*Exits.*)

MRS. A. You'd better go out in the yard, Maud.

MAUD. Don't want to.

MRS. A. But I want you to.

MAUD. We never can agree.

MRS. A. (*rises*). Maud!

MAUD (*dodging*). Oh, I'm going. Going-going-going-going at thirty cents. But just you wait till I'm a woman. I'll show you the time of your life to pay for this! (*Exits.*)

MRS. A. The dear child has such a temper. Just like her father when he steps on a tack.

BELLE enters with MRS. FERRIS, MRS. OTTAWAY on her arm, walking slowly and carefully.

BELLE. Heah am Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Ottaway. (*Exit BELLE.*)

MRS. N. Mrs. Ferris, meet my sister, Mrs. Ashton. And I am so glad you thought to come, too, Mrs. Ottaway.

MRS. FERRIS. Yes, isn't it strange: Mother was just bound to come. She says she hasn't seen anybody from

Boston in all her life. Aren't you well today, Mrs. Newmann?

MRS. N. Oh, yes—I'm all right. I—I—feel a little tired, I guess, or nervous, or—or—something like that. Do sit down in this easy chair, Mrs. Ottaway. (*Helps her to chair.*)

MRS. OTTAWAY. Thank you. I don't care much for these new-fangled tea parties myself. A quilting bee, or a sewing circle was always good enough for me. But my daughter, she does like to be in everything there is going on, so I just have to come along to keep her out of mischief.

MRS. A. (*sitting by her*). Yes, yes; our girls never get too old to need a mother, do they? My little girl always says—

MAUD (*running in*). Mamma!

MRS. A. Well, Maud, what is it?

MAUD. Somebody else is coming up the walk. Looks like that cross old teacher of mine at the East Side Gym.

MRS. A. Maud! Dear me! Our girls nowadays do have such a frank way of expressing themselves, haven't they? Run away, pet, and play by yourself till after the ladies go.

MAUD. Oh, yes. "Be a good girl! Run away and play!" That's all I—

MRS. A. Maud!

MAUD (*meekly*). Yes, mamma. (*Exits. A door turns, makes face.*)

MRS. O. My! that's a big girl for such short dresses. How old is she?

MRS. A. Er—yes, Maud is rather large for her age. But she's all I have, you know, and we do like to keep them little as long as we can, don't we?

MRS. O. How old did you say she was?

MRS. F. (*nervously*). I do hope I didn't forget to put the cat outdoors before we came. Do you think I did, mother? Henry would scold me if—

MRS. A. Henry? Scold? Surely, you don't mean that you would let any mere man—

MRS. O. I think pa will attend to it, Cora. He's very

handy about thinking of things. Where's my knitting? I must finish pa's stockings. (*Knits.*)

BELLE enters, followed by MRS. WHITNEY.

BELLE. Heah am Mrs. Whitney. (*Exit BELLE.*)

MRS. A. (*rises to meet her, with MRS. N.*). Ah! Mrs. Whitney. I met you when I was here before, didn't I? We are not strangers. I remember that your husband—

MRS. WHITNEY. Don't mention him.

MRS. A. Why, what—

MRS. W. A new stenographer! The third in two weeks. (*Sits in despair.*)

MRS. A. (*holds up hands in horror*). Terrible!

Enter DR. JORDAN and MRS. HUDSON.

DR. J. We'll come right in. I stopped and brought Mrs. Hudson with me. I didn't want her to run any risk of failing to meet you, Mrs. Ashton. She's in desperate need of the stimulation of such positive natures as yours.

MRS. A. Hudson? Hudson? I've heard the name before.

MRS. HUDSON (*timidly*). I am Mrs. Harry Hudson.

DR. J. No, no! Never say that! Your name isn't Harry. Be your ownself—not your husband's wife. If I were to get married, I'd be just what I am now—Dr. Georgiana Jordan. He could be Mr. Georgiana Jordan, if he wanted to. I'd never give up my name to any man—for a worse one.

MRS. H. (*timidly*). Then—I guess—I am Mrs. Mary Hudson. (*Bell rings.*)

DR. J. That's better. You will find her easily convinced of the right, Mrs. Ashton. (*They sit.*) And I'm sure you will find Mrs. Ashton a real inspiration, Mary. Good afternoon, ladies. (*All bow and smile.*)

BELLE enters with MRS. SKYLARK.

BELLE. Mrs. Skylark, Missus. (*MAUD follows them in. Exit BELLE.*)

MRS. N. Our musician, Henrietta. She can sing like a nightingale.

MAUD. Why not like a skylark?

MRS. A. Maud! (*Stares at MAUD sternly. MAUD goes to speak, but her mother overlooks her and she backs out.*) I'm so glad to meet every one with such lofty aspirations as yours, Mrs. Skylark.

MRS. SKYLARK (*sighs*). Once I had plenty of ideals, Mrs. Ashton. I wanted to go on the stage—grand opera, you know. I am sure I would have made a wonderful prima donna. I wanted to cultivate my voice to its very highest possibility. I wanted to be one of the sweetest singers of my time. But I—well, I got married.

MRS. A. Just like a woman.

MRS. S. Yes, and that tells the whole story. My husband does not like to have me sing. He will not let me practice. The neighbors all move. The babies all cry. The cats and dogs fight. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*Sinks in chair, weeps.*)

MRS. A. (*patting her back*). There, there! Don't cry. You shall be an actress by and by. I have come to open the door of opportunity to you, poor, downtrodden woman! I have come to speak the voice of freedom. You *shall* sing. You shall have your chance. You shall find your place in the world, and fill it just as you choose. Then you will sing, sing, sing, all day and all night!

ALL (*looking at one another in dismay*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

MRS. N. (*watching MRS. O.*). You always have your knitting, Mrs. Ottaway.

MRS. O. Mercy, yes. Pa has to have his socks. He won't wear any unless I knit 'em.

MRS. A. Another chain of slavery!

MRS. O. Chain where?

MRS. A. (*points dramatically*). Socks! A relic of the cave man.

MRS. O. Have socks got out of style, too?

MRS. A. The knitting of them has.

MRS. O. Well, pa cares more for comfort than for style. I reckon I'd better keep at it.

MRS. N. Has anybody seen Mrs. Reynolds? She promised to come early.

MRS. S. She started when I did, but I left her down on the street, chasing bargains, as usual. I couldn't pull her away from the shop windows. So I came ahead.

MRS. W. Isn't her extravagance positively sinful?

MRS. F. I don't see how her husband stands it.

MRS. H. He has to. She's boss in that house.

MRS. N. And the worst gossip. I don't see how she hears so much about folks.

MRS. W. Makes it up, most likely. Horrid thing.

MRS. N. I wish she'd hurry along.

BELLE enters with MRS. REYNOLDS, who is loaded with parcels, which she unloads and goes to mirror to "fix up." They crowd around her.

BELLE. Heah am Mrs. Reynolds. (*Exit BELLE.*)

MRS. N. Speaking of the angels—

MRS. W. Yes, we were wishing for you, dear.

MRS. N. I was so afraid you wouldn't meet my sister, and I just knew what a loss it would be to you both.

MRS. A. This is the lady you were just talking about, Blanche?

MRS. N. Yes, my very dear friend.

MRS. A. The lady whose husband—

MRS. R. (*turning from mirror*). Don't mention him. I am very angry with him.

ALL (*in eager curiosity*). Ah!

MRS. W. Nothing serious, I hope.

MRS. R. (*tragically sinking into chair*). Life and death!

ALL. Oh, my!

MRS. R. Just listen! I asked him this morning at breakfast for a dollar—only a dollar, mind you—just a hundred teeny weenty cents! I wanted to buy a few little things I saw on sale so cheap in this morning's *Examiner*. Well, what do you think he said? Simply this: "What did you do with the quarter I gave you to spend at that sale week before last?"

MRS. A. Miser!

MRS. W. Tyrant!

MRS. H. Bear!

MRS. S. Brute! (Mrs. R. rises, returns to mirror, fusses with hair.)

MRS. O. But she's very extravagant, you all said. A woman should—

MRS. A. (*decidedly*). Have her own way, always!

MRS. O. Maybe so, maybe so. But my husband never seemed to think so. And neither did my mother nor anybody else when I was young.

MRS. A. Those were the dark ages, Mrs. Ottaway. A new era for women is dawning.

DR. J. Times have changed, you see. Happily, for us.

MRS. O. (*knitting rapidly*). Maybe so, maybe so.

MRS. R. (*turning to face crowd*). Do I look all right?

MRS. W. Charming!

DR. J. But too negative, my dear Mrs. Reynolds. Far too negative. Let me urge you to assert yourself. Be positive.

MRS. R. I'm positive I want money. (*Returning to chair*.)

MRS. A. Be just as positive that you're going to have it. You'll get it.

MRS. O. I never did!

MRS. W. Nor I! It costs too much to hire stenographers.

MRS. S. I've always been positive I wasn't going to get it!

MRS. A. That's why you didn't. (*To Mrs. N.*) Is Mrs. O'Flanagan coming back?

MRS. N. Yes, she is here now to help Belle serve the tea.

MRS. A. And is everybody else here?

MRS. N. (*looking over crowd and counting*). I think so. Yes. (*Calls*.) Maud!

MAUD (*off stage*). Yes, Auntie!

MRS. N. Ask Belle and Mrs. O'Flanagan to come in a minute.

MAUD. Me, too? (*Sticking head in*.)

MRS. A. (*emphatically*). No!

MAUD. Poor me! If I only had just one little husband to fix—

MRS. A. Maud!

MAUD. Yes, mamma! (*Withdraws as—*)

BELLE and BRIDGET enter.

BELLE. Am yo' done wantin' us, Missus?

BRIDGET. An' is it meself as yez—

MRS. N. (*uneasily, looking at ladies, who stare in amazement*). Yes. Just sit down by the door there, and—

ALL. Oh! (*Look at one another in horror.*)

MRS. W. What does this mean, Mrs. Newmann?

MRS. R. Are you crazy?

MRS. S. Do you mean to insult us?

DR. J. (*looking on*). I was afraid they'd take it that way.

MRS. F. Come, mother. We'll go home!

MRS. N. No, wait! I—I—you explain to them, Henrietta!

MRS. A. Be seated, ladies. It is for me to explain. I just asked my sister to invite them both in. As downtrodden women, they should learn what suffrage means —

BRIDGET. Sure, now, and don't we know what sufferin' manes? Isn't oursilves—

BELLE. Yo' donebettah shet up dat mouf o' yourn, Mrs. O'Flanagan. Bettah listen, an' heah what de quality folks am a-sayin' to yo'.

MRS. N. And the keynote of freedom is democracy. You must not only be free yourself, you must lead others and help others to become as free as you are.

ALL (*sitting down with great air of relief*). Oh!

MRS. A. (*standing—all others seated*). Ladies, I can see that you are all very unhappy. You are all held down and ground beneath the heel of that all dominating monster, Man!

MRS. O. What does she mean, Cora? Pa never stepped on my toes in all his life.

MRS. A. You are all afraid—yes, afraid—to assert yourselves.

MRS. R. Pshaw! I'm not afraid of anything or anybody!

ALL. Neither am I!

MAUD enters, stands behind BELLE and listens.

MRS. A. Then why, I wonder, do you all submit to the authority of those whom you call husbands? Do you like to "obey"? (*All look at one another.*) Why don't you strike?

ALL. Strike?

MRS. A. (*emphatically*). Strike! And strike hard!

MRS. H. (*timidly*). But do you think militant tactics advisable?

MRS. A. You all wish—or think you wish—to be free from the yoke of bondage!

ALL (*half puzzled*). Yes!

MRS. A. You all rebel—or would like to rebel—against the boasted superior power of those husbands—

ALL. Yes!

MRS. A. Divorces are—

MAUD (*aside*). No, mamma, no! The next part is—"As women, your hearts crave"—don't you remember?

MRS. A. Maud, be still!

MAUD. Yes, mamma!

MRS. A. As women, your hearts crave the expression of the ideals struggling for life within you. You all want to be—something that you are not in your present environment allowed to be.

ALL. Yes.

MRS. A. Divorces are altogether out of fashion since the new Reno law—

ALL. Yes.

MRS. A. There's only one way to deal with the refractory husband nowadays.

ALL (*eagerly*). What?

MRS. A. Club him!

ALL (*aghast*). What?

MRS. A. Yes, club him. Sounds strange, I know; but think it over. The time is swiftly coming near when Man

shall be given a dose of his own bitter medicine; when he shall no longer stay out to his club till three and four o'clock in the morning, stealing home in the wee sma' hours with a lie on his lips and the stench of the wine cup on his breath. Instead, he will be at home tending the baby, sewing on buttons, darning stockings, and chopping the hash, while his wife meets with the associated sisters of her club in solemn conclave, and discusses ways and means for making his life more miserable. The hour of vengeance is at hand. As I said before, build up a club—and strike!

BRIDGET. An' sure, now, won't the broom handle be hard enough?

MRS. O. I never needed no clubs in my day. Pa never once forgot to wipe his feet on the doormat.

DR. J. I always hated the men! I shall be only too glad to see them getting their just deserts. I hate them like—like microbes!

MRS. O. I've always noticed most women do who haven't got one of their own, Doctor. Men are like babies—nobody wants anybody else's, but everybody likes their own.

MRS. A. Humph!

MRS. O. When they get one themselves, they kind o' keep still about the one their own neighbor's got.

DR. J. Humph! (*Sweeps hand around circle.*) Looks like it.

MRS. O. Well, I've been noticing there was a sort of fever of fault-finding having a run amongst the women folks lately; but I knew they'd live through it all right. But if they get to using clubs—goodness only knows what may happen. It may not wear off as easy as usual without a good dose of catnip or ginger tea. I hate to have my daughter—(*Mrs. F. nudges her and frowns warningly.*) I suppose it's the way you do in Boston, Mrs. Ashton?

MRS. A. The way progressive women do everywhere.

MRS. R. (*glancing toward mirror*). Does it help a woman's looks

MRS. W. Does it keep her husband from needing so much office help?

MRS. S. Does it give her more of a chance to cultivate her voice?

DR. J. Excellent! Curtain lectures—midnight. Best cultivator ever thought of.

BELLE. Will it suah bring dat Sambo o' mine to time?

BRIDGET. An' is it jest meself as can bate some sense into me Pat wid de loikes o' de same?

MRS. A. (*grandiloquently*). It will conquer everything! anything!

MRS. N. You may bring in the tea now. Belle and Bridge—er—Mrs. O'Flanagan. Maud may help you if you like.

BELLE. Dat limb o' trouble? (*The three exit.*)

MRS. H. I'll get some new cards right away—"Mrs. Mary Hudson." Never "Harry" any more.

MRS. W. Won't it be too lovely to belong to a real club?

MRS. N. But I never belonged to anything in all my life, except George.

MRS. O. I joined the church once.

MRS. S. And I was a member of a singing school.

MRS. R. There was a Ladies' Temperance Society—I can't remember the name—

DR. J. This will be very different. In this, every woman must strike for the independence of her sex, and cry, "Down with the men!" until every brute of them is subdued.

MRS. N. (*aside*). I don't like to hear George called a brute.

MRS. F. Will we need—need—oh, you know—bombs and dynamite, and things like that?

MRS. A. Oh, no!

Enter BELLE and BRIDGET with trays—one with cups of coffee, napkins, the other with cream and sugar. MAUD follows with sandwiches.

DR. J. Nothing but laws and rules, and sharp, sharp tongues. Thank you. (*To BELLE.*)

ALL. Oh!

DR. J. And courage enough to use them. What splendid coffee!

MRS. W. (*taking cup from BELLE*). Fire away, then. I'm ready!

ALL. So am I!

MRS. N. (*taking last cup from BELLE*). I hope it will all be in running order before George comes home.

MRS. A. (*sweetening her coffee, etc., from BRIDGET's tray. Be sure all are served in this scene. It is not possible to put in every move, but a little practice will make it all very natural, and each will know just what move to make.*) Why? (*Turns sternly from BRIDGET to MRS. N.*)

MRS. N. (*nervously*). Oh—I—I—I don't know. I just thought he might laugh.

MRS. A. Laugh? Humph!

DR. J. (*mouth full of sandwich*). Let those laugh who have reason.

MRS. F. (*between gulps of coffee*). I'm so afraid Henry will object.

MRS. O. (*smelling of her sandwich as though afraid to eat it*). Object? Of course he will. Any sensible man would.

DR. J. (*taking another sandwich from MAUD*). And why should he object? These are delicious, Mrs. Newmann.

MRS. N. Thank you!

MRS. F. Why, he—he—well, he doesn't believe in Woman's Rights, you know, nor any of that sort of thing.

DR. J. (*taking third sandwich*). Of course not. No man does. It's against their principles. They want to play hog. Have you plenty of these, Mrs. Newmann? They are most palatable.

MRS. N. Certainly. Get more, Maud.

MAUD. But where do I come in?

MRS. A. Maud!

MAUD. Yes, mamma. (*Exit MAUD.*)

MRS. W. (*to MRS. FERRIS*). And are you going to let him run you?

MRS. R. Will you still remain in chains, after the lesson we've had today?

MRS. F. (*glancing uneasily at Mrs. O., who is eating sandwich very gingerly, tasting each morsel as though afraid of it*). No—no—I'll join, of course. I'm just crazy to join. Only—

MRS. O. You'll do nothing of the sort, Cora.

MRS. F. Oh, yes I will, mother. I must. I must join the procession, you know. I must keep up with the best society.

MRS. O. (*wiping fingers on handkerchief*). Fiddle-de-dee!

MRS. H. But you are going to join, too, are you not, Mrs. Ottaway?

MRS. O. Me? Me? Me get the club foot? Why, of course not!

MAUD *re-enters with sandwiches.*

MAUD. Here's your feed, Dr. Jordan. I ate my share in the kitchen. Licking good, too.

MRS. A. Maud!

MAUD. Well, wasn't that what the Doctor said? You didn't "Maud" her.

DR. J. Thank you, little girl.

MAUD. Little girl! Get next to that, would you?

MRS. F. O, mother! Will I have to be in it all alone?

MRS. O. All alone? Why, there's half a dozen or so here today, and—

MRS. F. But you have always gone everywhere with me before. (*BELLE and BRIDGET, who have been picking up dishes, etc., excent with them.*)

MRS. O. Well, I suppose if you're so bound to go into it, I'll have to tag along as usual to look after you. I always have had to.

MRS. F. But, mother, listen.

MRS. O. Henry never would forgive me if I let you get into any scrape. He'd lay it all onto me as not having brought you up to have better sense.

ALL. Oh, Mrs. Ottaway!

MRS. O. Well, you can club Henry around, I suppose, if you take a notion, seeing as it's you he married for better or for worse; but I'm going to hang around and

look after poor old pa's white head. There'll be no clubbing him while I live, if the world does get turned upside down.

MRS. W. (*rising and shaking skirts*). Such lovely refreshments, Mrs. Newmann.

MRS. R. (*following suit, looking toward mirror*). Yes, hasn't she the dearest cook?

DR. J. Well, what are you all going to do?

MRS. O. Go home, I hope.

THE OTHERS. Club!

MRS. A. Good! I thought you would. Shake off the bondage of man, and be free, free, free!

MRS. R. Will there be dues to pay? I just know William won't give me any money!

DR. J. Help yourself to it.

MRS. R. But how?

DR. J. His pockets—while he sleeps.

MRS. R. Lovely. I never thought of that.

MRS. W. (*aside to MRS. S.*). How do you suppose she knows so much about a man's pockets?

MRS. S. Oh, she keeps herself posted on all the up-to-date methods. But didn't you say it would be free, free, free? (*Sings last words.*)

MRS. A. That, of course, is for you all to decide.

MRS. S. Will there be music? I'll sing, and sing, and sing!

ALL. Oh, dear!

MRS. A. That, too, of course, will be for you all to decide.

MRS. S. There's always somebody somewhere to decide for me, it seems.

MRS. W. Will there be stenographers? If so, count me out.

MRS. F. Will there be somebody we can leave the children with?

DR. J. Husbands and fathers. What else are they good for?

MRS. A. Yes, I would have left my little Maud in Boston, only—

MAUD (*giggling*). I tagged.

MRS. A. She is so young and always so full of life. Besides, she is my only one. I couldn't bear to be separated from her.

MAUD. And papa balked, too. He don't like kids. (*Giggles*.) He said mamma could stay at home if—

MRS. A. You'd better run out, now, Maud. You're in our way, you see.

MAUD. But, mamma, you know—

MRS. A. Maud!

MAUD (*meekly*). Yes, mamma. (*Exits slowly, looking back over shoulder*.)

MRS. O. (*aside*). Mercy on me! What an overgrown girl she is. If that's what the advanced children are, I'm glad I had mine when it was fashionable to be keeping company and making wedding linen at her age.

MRS. F. (*rising, nervously watching to see if her mother is overheard, but all are whispering together*). We must hurry home now, mother. You know I've got to bake biscuit for supper, and Henry will be half starved.

DR. J. Good for him!

MRS. O. (*rising*). Pa, too. Wait till I put my stocking away, Cora. (*Puts knitting in hand-bag*.)

MRS. W. I hope you'll have something literary on the programs. I adore literary things—especially poetry. You know:

“The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from earth to heaven—”

no; that's not just right; but it's something about “airy nothing,” a “local habitation and a name.” That makes me think. What will we call our club?

MRS. O. That “airy nothing” would be a suitable name for it, I think.

MRS. F. Hush, mother.

MRS. O. But it's all such utter bosh, Cora.

MRS. F. Hush!

DR. J. The name can wait till we get started, can't it? We'll be sure to have everything lovely—every lofty ideal,

and absorbing ambition shall be realized—everything and anything that you can suggest that will make the club more attractive and enticing than the home.

MRS. R. (*rising*). I must go, too. I want to get some samples off those bargain silks at Holzwasser's. My! but they're beauties. And going so cheap. Of course, William won't let me have any, but he can't keep me from looking.

MRS. A. Miserable man!

MRS. R. Shake on it, Mrs. Ashton. And he shall be more miserable yet. Believe me. By the way, when is the first blow to be struck?

DR. J. Yes, listen to me. (*Mrs. N. motions to BELLE and BRIDGET, who just then look in from the kitchen, and they step inside.*) You must all meet in my office tonight.

BRIDGET. An' is it meself—

DR. J. Yes, yourself, myself, and every single *herself*—all must be on hand tonight to combine forces for the first blow.

MRS. H. (*rising*). Are you sure it will work?

MRS. A. Work? This is a movement like yeast—it has to work. It compels women to rise. The concerted purpose—the concentration of mentalities—the focusing of forces—why, it will move the world!

DR. J. I feel that Mrs. Ashton deserves a vote of thanks for coming to our community with her glad gospel. To lift downtrodden woman from the mire of her own mentality,—for it's all mental bondage, you know—a woman needn't be a slave unless she thinks so—is a wonderful mission. I've lain awake many a night thinking and thinking of you poor souls, wondering what I could do to help all of you who are so unfortunate as to have husbands, but this never once occurred to me. Now I am convinced that—

ALL. The club's the thing!

DR. J. Tonight at eight, then—my office—

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE: DR. JORDAN'S office. *D. F. to hall, R. D. to private office. Desk and office chair R. of D. F. Bookcase R. Mirror L. of D. F. Three or four common chairs about the room. At C. is a table on which are a few magazines with chair near by. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

DR. JORDAN is discovered picking up packages from the table, clearing it for the evening.

DR. J. Calomel, quinine, arsenic and morphine. Enough to kill or cure every man, woman and child in the whole town. I must hurry, too, or the ladies will be here before I am ready for them. I'll have to bring in some more chairs from the other room. Let me see. There were twelve of us out this afternoon, if I've counted right, and of course they'll all be on hand to get a good grip on the club. They'll all want to have an office of some kind, too, and there can't possibly be offices enough invented to go around. What poor helpless creatures married women are! How glad I am that I escaped it all. (*Sighs.*) And yet—yet—well, if Frederick Sweeny had asked me that night when I felt so sure he was going to, I suppose I'd have been just such a fool as the rest of them. Happy me!

BRIDGET enters, looking all around curiously.

BRIDGET. Sure an' is it mesilf as is the first of the ladies to be afther arroivin' at the blow-up? The loikes o' it now.

DR. J. The very first, Bridget.

BRIDGET. Mrs. O'Flanagan, if yez plaze, Doc.

DR. J. Humph! Is that so?

BRIDGET. Yis, mum.

DR. J. It used to be Bridget.

BRIDGET. That was before I got mesilf emancipated, an' learned about the loikes o' us all bein' so free an' equal. It's meself as thinks this club's a foine thing—the finest I iver heard tell of, at all at all. It's not Bridget I am,

even to me Pat, begorrah. It's Mrs. O'Flanagan, if ye plaze, mum.

DR. J. Humph! (*Starts out for chairs, stops, looks at BRIDGET, hesitatingly, then speaks:*) If you don't mind then, Mrs. O'Flanagan, would you just help me bring in these chairs?

BRIDGET. Chairs, is it? (*Very superior air, eying DR. J. haughtily.*)

DR. J. Chairs it is.

BRIDGET. And is it as a frind yez be afther askin', Doc?

DR. J. (*nodding*). As a friend.

BRIDGET (*still insistent*). As a frind and a sister?

DR. J. (*hesitates a minute, then swallows it down*). As a friend and a sister.

BRIDGET (*patronizingly*). Wall, now, it's jist the loikes o' Bridget O'Flanagan as would loike to be lindin' a helping hand to a frind an' a sister, sure an' it is that same, but yez see, Oi have to be doin' a little shoppin' around the corner, so yez see Oi can't wait to help yez out, at all, at all. It's sorry for yersilf I am, but—yez see how it is.

DR. J. (*significantly*). Yes, indeed. I see how it is. (*Watches BRIDGET sarcastically as BRIDGET exits with air of great importance.*)

BELLE (*outside*). Ain't yo' done gwine to show no man nahs at all to a poah culled lady what is comin' to de meetin' wid de quality folks? Huh!

BELLE enters in great indignation.

BELLE. Dat fool Irish thing. She done run right into me wiv her old big carcass. 'Pears to me she am in a mighty hurry, or else I'se gettin' mighty small, so she am not seein' me very plain. I'se in time, isn't I, Dr. Jordan?

DR. J. Just in time.

BELLE. I suah don't want to be behind myself.

DR. J. Just in time to help me bring in a few more chairs.

BELLE. Me? Bring chairs? (*Horrified. Points to self as if insulted.*)

DR. J. (*emphatically*). You! Bring chairs! (*Points to BELLE.*)

BELLE. Not dis heah chile, Doc! Not dis heah chile. I'se done got to go down de sweet. I'se got no time at all to done help yo' bwing in dem chairs. Yo' am done got to hab some udder chile do dat, Doc. (*Exits hastily.*)

DR. J. What in the world has happened to Belle, I wonder? That was not a bit like her. She is usually so eager to help do anything there is to do. And Bridget, too. What can have got into them? Is that the club spirit—the working out of sisterly love? Well, I can bring them in myself and be under no obligations to anybody—thanks to my own habit of single blessedness and independence. (*Exits.*)

MAUD (*outside*). Mamma!

MAUD *enters, looks all around room.*

MAUD. Mamma! Well, now, where is she?

DR. JORDAN *enters with chair.*

MAUD. Isn't mamma here yet, Doctor?

DR. J. Nobody here yet but me.

MAUD. And me.

DR. J. Humph! (*Looks at her scornfully.*)

MAUD (*bowing low, spreading skirts.*). See?

DR. J. Well, it isn't any kindergarten or mother's club. You'd better not be!

MAUD (*astonished*). Me?

DR. J. (*emphatically*). You!

MAUD. But I always go where mamma goes.

DR. J. Poor taste in your mother.

MAUD. What?

DR. J. I said I— had noticed you were usually with her.

MAUD.. She's afraid I'll get into mischief if she leaves me at home alone.

DR. J. (*drily*). I see.

MAUD. I'm so young, you know.

DR. J. (*sarcastically*). I don't see that!

MAUD (*waltzing up to mirror*). You don't? (*Turns back after carefully looking her reflection over*.) But you must see it, Dr. Jordan.

DR. J. Must!

MAUD. Um-humph!

DR. J. I don't see that, either.

MAUD. Why don't you? If you don't see how young I am, you won't be apt to see how young mamma is, and so—

DR. J. (*raising both hands in gesture*). I see! (*Starts out for chairs*.)

MAUD. Where you going?

DR. J. After chairs

MAUD. Chairs? Where?

DR. J. (*motions*). In there.

MAUD. Why didn't you say something about it before? I'll get 'em. Show me.

DR. J. Well, now. That's a good little girl. (*Surprised*.)

MAUD. Ain't it, now? Oh, you don't know me. I'm a peach. And I've got to have some hand in this business you see, so I'll know how to club my old man when I get him, and—how many you want?

DR. J. (*counting*). Let me see. Six more will do.

MAUD. All right. 'Twon't take me a jiffy. (*Exits*.)

DR. J. She isn't such a bad young one, after all. Dreadfully spoiled, of course, but—

Enter MRS. ASHTON, MRS. NEWMANN and MRS. REYNOLDS.

MRS. A. (*looking around in surprise*). I declare. Are we the first?

DR. J. There have been others, but they were—well, called out.

MRS. N. Will they be back?

DR. J. To be sure.

MRS. R. When? Soon? (*At mirror*.)

DR. J. Well, when there is nothing they can possibly be asked to do here. Just take some seats and—

MRS. N. We would have been here before, but Mrs. Reynolds saw a ten-cent handkerchief offered for eight and a half cents, and of course she had to—

MRS. R. (*turning from mirror eagerly and joining group*). Yes, isn't it lovely? See? And such a bargain. (*Sits.*)

MAUD enters with chair.

MAUD. Hello, mamma!

MRS. A. (*rising*). Why, Maud Ashton! What are you doing here?

MAUD. Can't you see, mamma. Put on your specs.

MRS. A. (*in voice of horror*). Carrying chairs!

MAUD. Bully for you, mamma. You guessed it first thing. Only 'tain't chairs—it's only chair—singular, you know.

MRS. A. Very singular. And I don't like to have you doing such work, dearie. Is it not heavy?

MAUD. Nix! (*Exits with dancing steps.*)

MRS. A. (*to Dr. J.*). Do you think she ought—

DR. J. Good exercise for her. She's too fat.

MRS. A. Fat? My Maudie? Why, how can you say that? Of course, if you thinks she needs the exercise—(*sits resignedly*)—why, you're the doctor. But—

Enter MRS. FERRIS with MRS. OTTAWAY.

MRS. F. Come right in, mother.

DR. J. Yes, come in, ladies, and have seats. We're not all here, but—glad to see you out again this evening, Mrs. Ottaway. (*Shaking hands with her.*)

MRS. O. (*sitting*). Oh, I just had to come along to look after Cora. Land only knows what trouble she may get herself into yet, when I'm not around to take care of her.

MAUD enters with chair.

MAUD. Gee! Wonder if mamma'll always have to tag me up like that. (*Gestures with hands as she exits.*) Not if I know myself.

MRS. F. Mother never will remember that I'm grown up.

MRS. O. You ain't. I must get out my stocking, or pa

won't have a new pair before cold weather sets in. (*Takes out knitting, works busily.*)

MRS. A. Slavery!

MRS. O. That's just all in the way you look at it.

MRS. SKYLARK enters.

MRS. S. Are you all here?

DR. J. Not quite. Room for you, you see.

MAUD entering with another chair.

MAUD. Every body works poor father.

MRS. A. Maud!

MAUD. I didn't mean anything, mamma. (*Exits.*)

MRS. S. (*sitting*). I just had to tell Tom that I was going shopping. So I can't stay late.

MRS. O. Who was it said, "Conscience does make liars of us all."

MRS. F. Mother! Mother!

MRS. O. But I didn't say it first.

MRS. S. (*defending herself*). Well, I didn't dare let him know—

MRS. A. Didn't dare? Aren't we all met here to claim our independence as free-born individuals—not things! Didn't dare!

MRS. S. (*trembling*). I—I—yes, yes, I dared. Of course I dared. I just—forgot.

MRS. A. (*firmly*). You mustn't forget!

DR. J. (*emphatically*). You must always remember.

MRS. S. But—but—you—you don't know Tom.

MRS. A. Don't want to.

MRS. N. (*nervously*). Will this club help us to—to—always remember, Henrietta?

MRS. A. Certainly. To remember is to act. Use the club—use it vigorously, freely. Club your husbands all day, and every day—all night, and every night till he knows his place and keeps it. The brute!

MRS. N. (*defensively*). But George—isn't such a bad sort, you know. He—he—I don't think he's such a brute. I don't think—

MAUD enters with chair.

MAUD. Who's elected? I'll be guardian angel and keep-er of the broomsticks.

MRS. A. Isn't she quaint? The dear child! Just like I used to be. (*MAUD exits.*)

DR. J. (*grimly*). I don't doubt it.

MRS. N. I don't like to hear poor George called a brute in such a cold-blooded manner, Henrietta. Won't some other word do just as well?

MRS. A. Six months married! Wait till you've had six years of George and you'll sing a different song.

MRS. S. If he lets you sing at all. But if he's like—

DR. J. (*looking at door*). Come in, Mrs. Whitney.

MRS. WHITNEY *enters*.

MRS. W. Thank you. I'd have been here before, but my husband was telephoning to his stenographer, and I wanted to hear just what he had to say. It was something about a new ribbon he was going to get her—three-colored. I'll fix him!

ALL. Club him!

BELLE (*sticks head in*). Am yo' done got all dem cheers in, Doctor Jordan?

DR. J. Yes, come in. The coast is clear.

BELLE *enters*.

BELLE. Dis chile am so tired. (*Throws self in chair hard*).

DR. J. I couldn't help but notice.

MRS. N. Born tired—that girl.

BELLE. Such trapesing around—such running and racing. (*Fans herself.*) Dat Sambo did hab so many errands fo' me to do.

MRS. A. (*sharply*). Sambo!

BELLE (*innocently*). Suah—Sambo. He am my man.

ALL. Club him!

BELLE. Dat's what I'se gwine to do, when I done finds a club what's stout enough to make any noise on his thick ole skull.

BRIDGET *enters, panting.*

BRIDGET. Be jabers, an' it's a big flight o' stairs yez be afther makin' us climb, Doc. It's an office downstairs yez

be nadin' when yez expect all the ladies to come to meet wid yez—sure an' it is that same.

DR. J. (*sarcastically*). I'll attend to it at once, Bridget. I should have done so before, but I didn't have time to move this afternoon. Sit down, Bridget.

BRIDGET. Mrs. O'Flanagan, if yez plaze. Wasn't I just afther a-tellin' yez—

DR. J. Yes, yes; to be sure. This is Mrs. O'Flanagan, ladies.

ALL (*rising and bowing with mock courtesy*). Mrs. O'Flanagan.

BRIDGET (*sitting*). Good evening to yez all. It's right polite yez are to a daacent Oirish lady. (*They resume seats.*)

MAUD *enters with two chairs, climbs up on one and begins to speak.*

MAUD. Ladies, now that I see you are all jumbled—no, I mean assembled—together, I rise for to speak. Don't anybody make a single motion until I—

MRS. A. Maud! Maud! Do be still.

MAUD. I know a lot about clubs. It's born in me, I was brought up on them, I had it well beaten into me, as you might say—

MRS. A. The dear child.

MAUD. There is nothing like a good stout club when you want to force a point or raise a blaster.

MRS. A. Isn't she brilliant?

MAUD. You simply have to pound sense in some skulls—especially husbands'.

MRS. O. Humph! I never did.

MAUD. There are many kinds of clubs—ball clubs, golf clubs, tomahawks, mallets and Indian clubs; but the kind don't cut any figure. Any old club will do, except husbands. Men are poor sticks. I know, for mamma says so. And she's had three. The main thing is, whatever club you use, to hit hard enough to do some good. So I say to one, and say to all, "Down with the men!"

ALL. Down with the men!

MRS. R. She'll follow in your footsteps all right.

MRS. A. I do hope so.

MRS. W. "As the twig is bent, the tree will grow."

MAUD. Three cheers for me!

DR. J. (*looking at door*). Come in, Mrs. Hudson.

Enter MRS. HUDSON.

MAUD. There! You've missed my speech. Had I better make it over?

MRS. A. Not tonight, dear. We'll let you have the floor—

MAUD (*stepping down*). No use for a floor. A chair will do me. I'll take the chair, and—(*walks with it to Mrs. H.*) offer it to you.

MRS. H. (*sits*). Thank you. (*Looks around*.) Am I late? Harry didn't want me—

DR. J. Harry nothing!

MRS. H. But I'm never out alone in the evening, you know, and he makes such fun—

MRS. A. I hope you showed him his place.

MRS. H. He seemed to know it for himself. He said he was going over to play cards with Mr. Ferris.

MRS. F. (*jumping up*). What? With Henry?

MRS. H. Yes.

MRS. F. But he promised me—

MRS. O. Sit down, Cora. Calm yourself. Men will be men. When the wives are away the men will play.

MRS. F. I'm going right straight home. I just won't have Henry—

MRS. O. (*sarcastically*). Sit down, Cora. You've never tried the club.

MRS. F. No; but, mother, you know Henry promised—

MRS. A. Men's promises! Humph!

DR. J. Pie crust!

MRS. N. (*to Mrs. R.*). Wonder how she knows?

MRS. A. Do sit down, Mrs. Ferris. Wait till you learn the rules. (*Mrs. F. sits reluctantly, looking troubled*.)

MRS. H. Isn't it just too perfectly lovely to be able to make rules, and laws, and things like that, all of our very own selves?

MRS. R. Lots lovelier, if we can only make the men

toe up. Lots of folks make laws, but men don't always keep them.

MRS. A. Oh, they'll keep them. If they don't, just start a second club—start three—four—a dozen! The club's the thing. If you club them hard enough, they will mind.

MRS. F. (*rising again*). Mother, I just can't help thinking we'd better go right home. Card playing in my house—

MRS. O. Oh, sit down, Cora! Better see the show out.

MRS. A. Show?

MRS. W. "All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players."

MRS. F. (*nervously*). But if Henry—

DR. J. Sit down, Mrs. Ferris. If he's bound to go to ruin, you can't stop him.

MRS. O. Even with a club. I ain't worried a bit for fear pa'll play. He's too old a dog for even clubbing to teach him any new tricks.

MRS. F. Oh, father's all right. He's always all right. But Henry—

LADIES (*in unison*). Sit down, Mrs. Ferris. (*She sits as before, worried.*)

MAUD. I'm going down to the postoffice, mamma. The mail's in.

MRS. A. All right, dear. Look out for mad dogs, runaway horses, black men and automobiles.

MAUD. Watch my smoke! (*Exit.*)

MRS. A. (*rising*). I think, ladies, it's about time for us to begin. We are all here, aren't we?

ALL. Yes!

DR. J. You will act as chairman, of course, Mrs. Ashton.

MRS. A. Chair man? Never! Let us put the very name of men out of our lives for this one free hour at least.

DR. J. Chair-woman, I should have said—chair-lady—chair-madam—whatever is the correct female form. You will act?

MRS. A. (*looking around modestly*). If you all wish, but surely some of you—

ALL. Mrs. Ashton! Mrs. Ashton!

MRS. A. Of course, if you insist—

ALL. We do!

MRS. A. Thank you. It's very sweet of you all, I'm sure. As chairwoman, first, last, and all the time, I accept the chair. (*Telephone bell heard off R.*)

MRS. H. The telephone's ringing in your private office, Dr Jordan.

DR. J. Thank you. (*To ladies.*) Excuse me.

ALL. Certainly. (*She exits.*)

MRS. N. Isn't it just fine to have a lady doctor?

MRS. R. One so wise—

MRS. W. And good—

MRS. H. And kind—

MRS. O. And smart! Pa just thinks his old eyes of Dr. Jordan.

BELLE. Suah! Men doctahs doan nebber know nuffin' noways.

BRIDGET. Sure, now, an' ain't it the truth yez be afther a-tellin', jist? It's niver the loikes o' doctor-men as can iver help mesilf out o' a sore toe. Bad 'cess to the spal-peens.

DR. JORDAN enters hurriedly.

DR. J. I'm very sorry, ladies, but I just must leave you for a little. Mr.—(*bites lip, glances at Mrs. S. uneasily and goes on with some embarrassment.*) Well, a man in town has been taken very sick—

ALL (*jumping up nervously*). My husband?

DR. J. (*ignoring them*). And I must go at once—

MRS. S. Tom?

MRS. N. George?

MRS. W. Joe?

MRS. O. Pa?

MRS. F. Henry?

MRS. H. Harry?

BRIDGET. Pat?

BELLE. Sambo?

(*All together, anxiously.*)

DR. J. (*not answering anybody*). I'll be back as soon as I can. (*Exits.*)

ALL (*looking at one another anxiously*). Who can it be?

MRS. A. (*tapping table*). Do come to order, ladies, or you'll never have a club. (*All sit, with much nervousness, worried looks, etc.*) Now, of course, the first thing to do is to elect your officers. Who'll you have for President?

ALL (*eagerly*). Me!

MRS. A. But, dear me! You can't all be President. The law doesn't allow more than one at a time. It only needs one, anyway, when you have the right kind. It really ought to be somebody who is in no way bound to man, who never has been in any way bound to man, who never will be in any way bound to man!

ALL. Dr. Jordan!

MRS. A. A good selection, I'm sure. You couldn't possibly do better. And—

DR. JORDAN *running in excitedly*.

DR. J. Mrs. Skylark, your husband is very sick. I believe you'd better—

MRS. S. (*jumping up*). Oh! (*Staggers. DR. J. catches her.*)

DR. J. Bear up. He'll pull through, though. DR. White is with him now—(*Leads her to door. She exits.*)

ALL. A man?

MRS. O. Always a man—in an emergency.

ALL. Humph! MAUD *runs in*.

MAUD. Aunt Blanche, Uncle George has come home from Chicago, and he wants you—

MRS. N. (*jumps up eagerly*). George! The darling!

MRS. A. Blanche!

MRS. N. Where is he, Maud? I must run! Bye-bye, all. (*She exits hurriedly.*)

MRS. F. (*rises*). Mother, we must go. That card game! And what if pa—

MRS. O. (*rises slowly*). Well, maybe we had, Cora. Maybe we had. If you've got Henry clubbed enough—

MRS. H. (*jumping up nervously*). I'm afraid—

MRS. A. (*sternly*). Of what, pray?

MRS. H. Oh, n-n-n-nothing!

MAUD (*mischievously*). Oh, see that mouse!

ALL. Oh! oh! oh! (*All jump on chairs, tables, etc., holding skirts.*)

MRS. A. Where is it? Where?

MAUD (*laughing*). It's gone now.

MRS. O. You little vixen!

MRS. A. I ought to spank you for that. (*All climb down, breathing more freely.*)

ALL. Club her!

MRS. R. I hope all the stores won't be closed. I saw a parasol—

BRIDGET. Pat said if I wasn't afther showin' up by noine, he'd whale me wid a fence rail. I guess I—

BELLE. An' I'se done feared as how dat Sambo o' mine am gwine to need a smoke. He am all out ob tobacco, an' I'd bettah—

MRS. A. Ladies! Ladies! (*Raps desk loudly.*) We haven't adjourned. I wish you—

MAUD. I got you this letter out of the office, mamma. Maybe you'd better read—

MRS. A. A letter from your father? I wonder what he can have to say? Let me see. (*Opens and reads.*) "Dear Henrietta: Do stop raising the devil out there and come straight home where you belong, and mind your own business! I command you—"

LADIES (*all very much interested*). Ah!

DR. J. (*to MRS. A.*). Hush! (*MRS. A. reads silently, showing much anger.*)

MAUD. I got a letter for you, too, Dr. Jordan.

DR. J. For me? From whom, I wonder?

MAUD. I couldn't see. It was sealed.

DR. J. Let me see. (*Takes letter.*) Frederick Sweeny, as I live! I thought he was dead and buried long ago. (*Reads.*) "My darling Georgiana: Forgive me for that foolish quarrel of the far-off past. I have loved you all my life, and I want you for my wife. I'll be with you Monday evening." Why, that's tonight! The dear boy—at last!

LADIES (*as before*). Ah!

MRS. A. (*to Dr. J.*). Hush!

DR. J. (*embarrassed*). Yes—yes—I—I—I—ladies, I am suddenly called away! I'll have to leave you all to Mrs. Ashton. (*Goes to mirror, primp \bar{s} hair, etc.*)

MRS. A. But I find some important business calls me back to Boston at once, too. I fear I cannot help you, as you know I'd like to, ladies. I—I—

MAUD. It's papa. He always makes her hump lively when he gets his dander up.

DR. J. (*turning from mirror*). Then I'm afraid we'll have to adjourn, and—er—er—postpone the organization of this club till some other evening.

MRS. F. Come, mother. I'm going home to Henry.

MRS. O. Yes, and I'm sure pa needs me, too. I see you're all coming to your senses—

MRS. H. But I'm afraid to go home in the dark.

MRS. W. Come with me, Mrs. Hudson. I'll take care of you. That stenographer! I'll kill her!

ALL. Club her! Club her!

MRS. R. Say what you like about clubs, but when you're tired, or hungry, or want your husband, then—

ALL. The home's the thing!

CURTAIN.

Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. Scene: 1 simple interior. Characters: Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you. Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garbage of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancee. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 15 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. Characters: Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardiniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

As a Woman Thinketh

By EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy of the period, 3 acts; 9 males, 7 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scenes:** 2 interiors. **Characters:** an every-day husband. Rev. Dunning a p^t Weeden, the son, a bit wild. Caleb Mead, Philley, Beth's old playmate. Chip, an a rough. Jotham, the man of all work. Dr. foggy. Prof. Majarajah, a Hindu lecturer. Weeden, a mother of the period. Beth, Weedens' daughters. Mrs. Parker, of the Mrs. Dunning, an italicized echo. Suke, tl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 348 639 1

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—RESOLUTION. Mrs. Weeden undertakes to clean up. The pastor reminds her of her duty. "You are responsible for your family." A Hindu professor of philosophy. She learns of her subconscious mind. Her declaration of independence.

Act II.—REVOLUTION. The campaign opened. The family learn of virtues they were unaware of possessing. "Papa, what ails her?" "Is she crazy?" The professor helps "drive the nail." According to your faith.

Act III.—EVOLUTION. The pastor comes to investigate. "It's a miracle." A happy home grows out of existing chaos. A humorous turn of affairs. Duped by an imposter. "Whoever he was, he was a Hindu to me." A renewed honeymoon. "As a woman thinketh in her heart."

A Southern Cinderella

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy drama in 3 acts; 7 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** 1 interior. **Characters:** Madame Charteris, an old aristocrat. Enid Bellamy, a Southern Cinderella. Rosie Winterberry, a famous settlement worker. Miss Johnnie Bell Randolph, a little coquette. Katherine Hawke, an English nurse. Caroline Hawke, her sister, an adventuress. Mammy Judy Johnson, a black blue-grass widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The two Hawkes have their daily quarrel. "Dis yere bein' a widow woman is powerful lonesome." "The cream-colored pick ob de unplucked colored aristocracy." A mission of mercy. Madame refuses to receive her grandchild. Love conquers pride and Enid comes home.

Act II.—The plotting of the Hawkes. Madame makes a new will. Mammy Judy deserted at the altar. "Ober 'leben dollars spent and not eben one cream-colored kiss." The death of Madame. The burning of the will. "The Charteris fortune belongs to me."

Act III.—Katherine and her Paris creation. "Take some of dat tail-fixin' and put it ober your shoulders." Enid mistreated. A will turns up. A Southern Cinderella comes into her own and goes to the ball.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

	M.	F.
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1	1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min....	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min....	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min....	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min..	5	
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min....	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min... Is the Editor In? 20 min....	3	3
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m. Mrs. Tubbins' Book Agent 30 min.	4	3
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min..	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min....	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Obstinate Family, 40 min....	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min....	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min..	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min....	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min... Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	2	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min....	5	3
That Rascal Pat, 30 min....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min....	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min..	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	
Wanted a Hero, 20 min....	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min....	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min....	8	
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.10		
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min....	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Countown Thirteen Club, 25 m.14		
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min....	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min....	2	
Five Minutes from Yell Col- lege, 15 min....	2	
For Reform, 20 min....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min....	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min....	1	
Home Run, 15 min....	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min....	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min....	1	
Mischicuous Nigger, 25 min....	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min....	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	
Prof. Black's Punnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Reenruiting Office, 15 min....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min....	4	2
Stand I, 15 min....	1	
Special Sale, 15 min....	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min....	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min....	1	
Time Table, 20 min....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min....	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min....	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min....	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min....	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min....	1	
Who Gits de Reward? 30 m?		

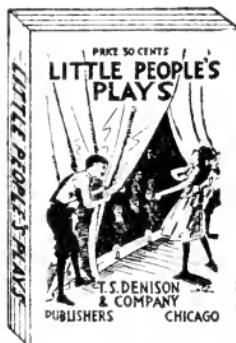
A great number
Standard and Amaz-
not found here
Denison's

EDGE, INC. 2004 F

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT BOOKS

Price, Illustrated Paper Covers, 25 cents each



In this Series are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

DIALOGUES

All Sorts of Dialogues.

Selected, fine for older pupils.

Catchy Comic Dialogues.

Very clever; for young people.

Children's Comic Dialogues.

From six to eleven years of age.

Dialogues for District Schools.

For country schools.

Dialogues from Dickens.

Thirteen selections.

The Friday Afternoon Dialogues.

Over 50,000 copies sold.

From Tots to Teens.

Dialogues and recitations.

Humorous Homespun Dialogues.

For older ones.

Little People's Plays.

From 7 to 13 years of age.

Lively Dialogues.

For all ages; mostly humorous.

Merry Little Dialogues.

Thirty-eight original selections.

When the Lessons are Over.

Dialogues, drills, plays.

Wide Awake Dialogues.

Brand new, original, successful.

SPEAKERS, MONOLOGUES

Choice Pieces for Little People.

A child's speaker.

The Comic Entertainer.

Recitations, monologues, dialogues.

Dialect Readings.

Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.

The Favorite Speaker.

Choice prose and poetry.

Friday Afternoon Speaker.

or pupils of all ages.

Famous Monologues.

Especially for ladies.

Speakers for Young Folks.

humorous, original.

Grave and Gay.

and humorous.

Speaker.

of master minds.

The Poetical Entertainer.

For reading or speaking.

Pomes on the Peepul.

Wit, humor, satire, funny poems.

Scrap Book Recitations.

Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. 14 Nos., per No. 25c.

DRILLS

The Best Drill Book.

Very popular drills and marches.

The Favorite Book of Drills.

Drills that sparkle with originality.

Little Plays With Drills.

For children from 6 to 11 years.

The Surprise Drill Book.

Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES

The Boys' Entertainer.

Monologues, dialogues, drills.

Children's Party Book.

Invitations, decorations, games.

The Days We Celebrate.

Entertainments for all the holidays.

Good Things for Christmas.

Recitations, dialogues, drills.

Good Things for Thanksgiving.

A gem of a book.

Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays.

Little Folks' Budget.

Easy pieces to speak, songs.

One Hundred Entertainments.

New parlor diversions, socials.

Patriotic Celebrations.

Great variety of material.

Pranks and Pastimes.

Parlor games for children.

Private Theatricals.

How to put on plays.

Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes,

Charades, and how to prepare.

Tableaux and Scenic Readings.

New and novel; for all ages.

Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures.

For little tots.

Yuletide Entertainments.

A choice Christmas collection.

MINSTRELS, JOKES

Black American Joker.

Minstrels' and end men's gags.

A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy.

Monologues, stump speeches, etc.

Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route.

A merry trip for fun tourists.

Negro Minstrels.

All about the business.

The New Jolly Jester.

Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

ETAL EDGE, INC. 20

COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

1915

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 348 639 1